

Grads Swamp Toronto To Break Scoring Record

Commercial Grads Set Toronto Hot Pace, First Game--123-19

Toronto Girls Find That "Committee-Made" Titles Do Not Change Grads' Playing Calibre—Elsie Bennie's Sharpshooters Give All-Stars "The Works"—Second Game Tomorrow

(Special to The Gateway)

Not handicapped by colds to the extent first feared, the Edmonton Commercial Grads managed to eke out a mere 104-point excess over the score of the Toronto All-Stars at the Arena last night.

First, Second Periods
Captained by Elsie "Red" Bennie, the Grads took the lead by a handsome margin in the first quarter, then set out to prove that they meant business by more than doubling their score in the second period—56 to 11. The Toronto girls tried hard, and were more fortunate than many teams who have bucked the Grads either here or elsewhere, but couldn't make the grade—also as in the case of many another team.

Third Period
The score early in the third period was 62-13 (guess in whose favor!). The Grads were obviously set on showing that the "all-star" team has yet to get together that can beat them, and piled up points in a way that caused game-side stationers to sharpen their pencils every minute or two. By the time the end of the period rolled

around, the Edmonton team were "ahead of the game" by 63 points: score, 81-18. Gladys Fry (ex-Varsity), Margaret McBurney, Millie McCormick—the whole team—went after baskets like "all-stars."

That Settled It

By the time the fourth period rolled around, the Toronto girls had all the earmarks of a beaten but game squad. Elsie Hendry just couldn't live up to advance notice: the Grads kept close watch on her.

Early in this period the score was 101-19, with no noticeable let-up on the part of the Grad team. Toronto was hopelessly outplayed, and showed the usual lack of co-ordination of a team of players more or less strange to one another's technique. The visitors were game, but gameness alone doesn't beat a team like the Grads. The score went from 101-19 to 111-19 in just a few minutes.

The final score was 123-19. We don't believe that the Grads will be beaten tomorrow; sorry, Toronto Lakesides.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING MINUTES

October 19th, 1931.

(a) Call to Order:

The Students' Council met in Arts 135 at 7:30 p.m., President Manning in the chair.

(b) Minutes:

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

(c) New Business:

1. Motion: That Miss Betty Farquharson be appointed in place of Miss McKewan on the Social Directorate. Carried.

2. Motion: That Eleanor Luxton be appointed as Chairman of the Women's Disciplinary Committee, with Helen Mitchell as Secretary and Isabel Kippen as member. Carried.

3. Motion: That K. McShane and A. M. Wilson be appointed as a special commission, in view of the present unusual conditions, to reorganize the Year Book affairs and to act as Directors for the term 1931-32. Carried.

4. Motion: That Council meetings take place in future at 7:30 in place of 7:15. Carried.

5. Motion: That the Executive of Men's and Women's Athletic Association be authorized to appoint a gymnasium committee, representing all organizations interested in gymnasium activities, to arrange a proposed time-table to present to the authorities in charge of gymnasium activities. Carried.

6. Motion: That the Student Athletic Tickets may be used at the over-town soccer games at Diamond Park on Saturday, October 24th. Carried.

7. Motion: That Howard Gimby be given a transfer of Students' Union fees from last year to the 1931-32 session. Carried.

8. Motion: That two complimentary tickets be given to the Senior Interne of the University Hospital, for attendance at all senior athletic events, this physician or one of his assistants to be present at each game with first aid equipment. Carried.

9. Motion: That Bill Watson be appointed to investigate the question of a student employment bureau. Carried.

(d) Adjournment:

Motion: That the meeting adjourn. Carried.

October 26, 1931.

(a) Call to Order:

The Council met in Arts 135 at

Varsity Varieties

The Senior Class is presenting the Varsity Varieties program from CKUA at 7:15 tonight. The program which will be broadcast is as follows:

1. Vocal solo, "Kashmiri Song" from "Indian Love Lyrics"—James McDonald, accompanied by Dorothy Argue.
2. Piano solo, "Sous bois" (Victor Staub)—Dorothy Argue.
3. Vocal solo, "Fiddle No. 2"—Clarence Hollingsworth, accompanied by Gordon Foucar with violin obligato by Ivan Sheppy.
4. Violin solo, "Forest Murmurs" (two) (by Burgmuller)—Ivan Sheppy, accompanied by Gordon Foucar.
5. Vocal solo, from "Viennese Nights," "You Will Remember Vienna"—James McDonald, accompanied by Dorothy Argue.

DEBATE CLUB NOT TO ABOLISH ARTS

Field and Kirby Lock Horns Over Interesting Topic—Affirmative Defeated

The Arts student may breathe freely again—he will not have to change his course at this late date, for the motion "Resolved that the Arts Faculty should be abolished," was lost at the last meeting of the Debating Society, held Oct. 29.

The affirmative was led by Mr. Field, who attacked the government for spending six hundred dollars a year for a mere Arts student. He declared that this money could be spent more profitably, and said that for ten cents a day a Chinaman could be fed on rice and marmalade. According to Mr. Field, if the government took this step, the present financial depression would be dissolved, and University students would be so well-to-do that they would probably have their new library and gym.

Mr. Kirby, leader of the negative, told the house that the Arts Faculty supplied most of the brilliant business men of the world. We've often wondered where all the bright ideas of stock exchange, financial depression, etc., came from.

By a subtle process of reasoning, Miss Fisher, second speaker of the affirmative, proved that if the Arts Faculty was abolished the sanctity of the home would be preserved. We would have at least one more masterpiece of engineering, like the High Level Bridge, where one could break traffic rules and struggle against a fifty-mile gale to an 8:30.

Miss Barnhouse, final speaker for negative, boldly admitted, first, that she was Scotch; second, that she was an Arts student. She showed that students from other faculties took Arts courses, and for the benefit of Arts students present painted a rosy picture for the future for those now in the Faculty of Arts.

The house was then thrown open for general discussion. The subject chosen for the next debate is "Resolved that Life is Futile." The Debating Society hopes that the interest in these debates will continue.

The Gateway joins the rest of the University in expressing sympathy with Dr. E. W. Sheldon on the recent death of his father.

CKUA TO PRESENT FINE PROGRAMS

"Remembrance" to Form Theme for Week—All-Day Transmission Nov. 11

Next week is Remembrance Week. CKUA is offering many excellent programs in honor of the occasion. On Sunday the program entitled "Universal Peace" will be broadcast. It will consist of choice excerpts from famous oratorios such as "How beautiful are the feet of them that bringeth good tidings" from the "Messiah," and "How lovely are the messengers" from "Elijah." The spoken words of these selections will be read by Mr. H. Leonard Humphreys. Mr. Humphreys will also give suitable poems and prose selections in the course of the program.

On Remembrance Day, Nov. 11, CKUA will be on the air all day. In the morning the service from Convocation Hall will be broadcast for the benefit of those unable to be present.

At 2:30 in the afternoon the Inter-collegiate rugby game between the U. of Manitoba and U. of A. will be given.

A very special program will be broadcast from 5 to 6 o'clock that evening. It is entitled "Lest We Forget."

An account of how the unknown soldier was honored by England, as told by Sir Philip Gibbs, will be given. As nearly as possible, radio artists will try to reproduce the service that took place at Westminster Abbey in commemoration of the Unknown Soldier.

From 6 p.m. to 7 p.m., English recordings will be given.

On Friday, Nov. 13, a special Armistice program given by the Red Chevrons Club at the Red Cross Hut will be broadcast by CKUA.

On Friday, Nov. 6, from 8 to 9 p.m., Mm. Allard will give a French program to consist of music and excerpts from a French play.

It is hoped that many radio fans will enjoy these splendid programs.

STUDENT SERVICE

Murray G. Brooke, General Secretary of the Students' Christian Movement of Canada, is to speak on Sunday, Nov. 8, at 11:00 a.m. on the subject, "Whither Religion?" Dr. R. C. Wallace will conduct the service.

Mrs. E. K. Broadus Delivers Talk on "Gates of Paradise"

Second Lecture of Series of Four Given to Large Audience—Gates of Baptistry of San Giovanni is Interesting Topic

"The Gates of Paradise", the second lecture in a series of four being given on "Masters of Tuscan Art of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries," by Mrs. E. K. Broadus, proved to be a delightful treat to the large audience that assembled in the Med Building on Tuesday evening.

In her own inimitable way Mrs. Broadus led her listeners through the romantic streets of Florence and let them pause in silent adoration before the gleaming bronze gates in the baptistry of San Giovanni.

The story of the making of these gates is very interesting. At first the baptistry had only one gate. It had been executed by

Andrea Pisano in the early part of the XIV century. About one hundred years later a second gate was added as an expression of thanksgiving on the part of the Florentines for deliverance from the plague. Sculptors were asked to submit designs for a bronze panel the same size as the panel of Andrea's gate. The subject of the panel relief was to be the sacrifice of Isaac.

Of the six competitive panels submitted by different Italian artists, those of Ghiberti, Brunelleschi and Jacopo della Quercia were pronounced the best. The choice narrowed down to Ghiberti and Brunelleschi. The judges found it a difficult task to decide which of these two had the greater merit. Then Brunelleschi, who believed that Ghiberti's panel was the better one, magnanimously withdrew in his favor. So Ghiberti was given the contract of designing and constructing the gate. He spent twenty years of his life on this one gate alone. Not much wonder, then, that every minute detail was beautifully and gracefully executed, so that the sculpturing looks like a painting in bronze. This gate has twenty-eight panels, on which are depicted biblical events such as the "Annunciation" and "Nativity." The composition and subject matter of these panels greatly resembled the composition and subject matter of Andrea Pisano's panels.

The city council was so pleased with Ghiberti's work that he was given the contract for making a third gate on the north side of the Baptistry. The construction of this gate occupied the last thirty years of his life. It excels the other two gates by far. It illustrates all the dominant characteristics of Ghiberti, and the tendency of the age to a markedly pictorial effect in bas-relief. There is a delicateness of style and smoothness of finish to Ghiberti's work. Each figure is beautifully moulded. We find elaborate landscapes, masses of figures and linear perspective applied to relief. The most striking thing is that the general effect of the gate is one of simple serenity.

Mrs. Broadus made the loveliness of these gates so vivid to her listeners that they felt as did Michel Angelo that these gates were indeed fit to be the gates of Paradise.

After carefully examining Ghiberti's work, Mrs. Broadus showed us the work of the other two competitors, Brunelleschi and Jacopo della Quercia.

Brunelleschi's work is characterized by a want of repose and lack of unity. It is vehement and turbulent-like, the impetuous and fervid character of Brunelleschi himself.

Examples of della Quercia's work may be found on the baptismal font of San Giovanni at Siena. His work is characterized by a sense of vigor and virility. In contrast to the tendency towards the pictorial effort of Ghiberti, della Quercia's bas-reliefs have a severe and rugged background. He delights in portraying powerful muscular bodies.

One of the most beautiful ex-

Play "Death Takes a Holiday" Well Staged by Little Theatre

Big Crowd of Supporters Turned Out to See Little Theatre—Very Suitable Cast Gives Fine Performance

Critique by E. Butler

The plot of the play "Death Takes a Holiday" is highly suggestive. Joy-riders have been given a bad "shake-up" because they have narrowly averted being hurtled over a precipice while speeding on a highway. Their mad fun seems to have been instigated largely by Grazia, the dainty, sensitive daughter of a princess. She it is who urges the chauffeur to increase the speed of their car. As the curtain rises we see members of the party enter the Great Hall in Castle of Duke Lambert, and although they are unwilling to admit it, the party feel a certain tenseness in the air. Finally, little Grazia, who has remained in the garden to dream, to grope for the elusive key to her happiness, is brought in by her lover Corrado, in an hysterical condition. She manages to tell them that some terrible visitor has passed her, accompanied by an icy blast and a rustling of leaves although there is no wind. With the exception of the Duke, all feel the need of rest and retire early.

Then it is that Death makes his first appearance. He has stalked down to earth. He explains that he has been with the party all evening and then reveals his fantastic purpose. Always he has been shunned—feared by man. Now he proposes to assume the role of mortal to discover why it is that humans cling so pertinaciously to life. Impersonating a foreign prince, he installs himself in the Duke's home on a three-day holiday. At the expiration of his time he promises to go away without doing harm, but if the Duke reveals his identity, he warns that he will return as the Grim Reaper.

During the following days a strain of suppressed excitement grips the household. The ladies are fascinated, almost against their will, by this foreign prince. The men are baffled and uneasy in his presence. The Duke is suffering from some secret anxiety. Death himself becomes entirely unhappy as he realizes his position. He is caught in his own meshes. He has found love and beauty, but these are not compatible with his avocation as the Great Destroyer. Two young ladies, Aldra and Rhoda, fail to meet his test, they cannot rise to the great height of dying for love. It is little Grazia who proves this age-old human law. The Duke, harassed by his family and crazed with the desire of saving Grazia, breaks his promise and explains that it is Death whom they have in their midst. His family must now be punished. Grazia knows nothing of this, and yet the entreaties of all her friends, her former lover, even her mother fail to affect her. As a last measure of restraining her,

Death reveals to her his proper role. This has no effect. Confidently, she walks into his arms. Love and Death are united.

Much may be said concerning the choice of such a play. Possibly it was just a little too ambitious an attempt for amateurs. Although an Edmonton audience of the calibre gathered last Saturday evening would spurn childish plot and character development, it is a great mistake to go to the other extreme and try to produce a play which does not "go over" with the audience. Undoubtedly the interest aroused in the first two acts was not sustained throughout the play. This was at least partly the fault of the cast.

The stage effect of the production was very nice. No unusual costuming was exhibited. A black gown and hood served to disguise Death. The other characters wore modern clothes. The outstanding lighting effect was the weird green ray on the face of Death, as he played his usual role. Thus, all things being considered, the setting for the play was quite suitable.

Opportunity was provided for plenty of real acting. Playing the part of Death, Mr. Richardson exhibited fine talent in an extremely difficult part. Cast opposite him here was Mr. Jones, always very theatrical, depicting the Duke. In the first two acts these two did some wonderful work—the audience caught the spirit of the play all too well. Relieving at intervals the suspense of the plot, Mr. Sweetlove carried out the comedian's part very effectively. He succeeded in producing a very happy effect without the shadiness bordering vulgarity that is so often linked with our Charlie Chaplins. Among the ladies, Rhoda probably put the most effort into her work. Miss Weaver apparently possesses dramatic potentialities. Miss Bulyen, as Grazia, so admirably fitted her part that little acting seemed called for. The third act, however, was a little disappointing. Even Corrado seemed to lack that fervour, that fire of enthusiasm, which a forsaken lover might reveal without losing any of his manly dignity. But it was the leading actor, Mr. Richardson, who caused the downfall of Act III. Nevertheless the players deserve great credit. A plot, such as the above, calls for the best efforts of professionals. As amateurs, acting before critical friends, our Edmonton cast have no reason to apologize for their production of Casella's "Death Takes a Holiday." Their work will prove of immense inspirational value among other dramatic circles.

EDUCATION SCHOOL HOLDS ELECTIONS

Honorary President, Dr. Lazerte; President, Mr. L. Garrison

A meeting of the School of Education was held last Friday for the purpose of electing an executive, with Mr. Woodworth in the chair. Nominations for various offices were held, followed immediately by elections, with the following executives chosen: Hon. President, Dr. Lazerte (acclamation); President, Mr. L. Garrison; Vice-President, Miss M. Jackson (acclamation); Sec.-Treas., Mr. K. Ardue. A social committee was also chosen, with the president of the school a member ex-officio. The other members of the committee are Miss M. Bell and Mr. C. Kirby. Various study committees also chose their leaders, these unfortunate individuals being Miss D. Brocklebank, Messrs. Woodworth and Chalmers, History, Math and Sciences, and English respectively. The language section chose Father MacDonald as president, Miss Cain as vice-president, and Miss Mary Bell as secretary-treasurer. The position of cheer leader was left unfilled.

amples of della Quercia's sculpturing is the monument of Ilaria del Carretto. Mrs. Broadus told her audience how in the dim cathedral where the tomb rested the calm figure of Ilaria stood out with startling distinctness. Every line of the body and face suggests repose and grace. The placid beauty of the delicately moulded face is simply indescribable. All one can do is to let the beauty of it sink into one's soul.

Mrs. Broadus concluded her lecture with minds full of admiration for the at this point, leaving her audience "Gates of Paradise" and the "fair Ilaria."

LIT. EXECUTIVE UNDER WAY NOW

Pete Tingle as President Will Steer it Along

Every member of the Students' Union is, ipso facto, a member of the Literary Association, which is perhaps the least known and most active of student organizations. The Literary Association is administered by the Literary Executive, which acts as an advisory and executive body to its four subsidiary clubs, Debating Society, Dramatic Society, Glee Club and the Orchestra.

The second meeting of this committee was held Monday, Oct. 19, when Pete Tingle was elected president, Gordon Newton vice-president, and Tim Byrne secretary. The budgets of the Glee Club and Orchestra were submitted, to be presented at the Students' Council meeting.

SECONDE REUNION CERCLE FRANCAIS

La seconde reunion du "Cercle Francais" eut lieu dans Athabasca le 4 novembre. Pendant le les étudiants causèrent en français; puis le premier acte de "La Poudre aux Yeux" fut lu par un groupe d'étudiants. Ceux prenant part à cette lecture animée étaient Mmes J. Greig, D. Riley, H. Smith et B. Whittaker, MM. G. Shortliffe, R. E. Zuar, René Le Blanc et S. I. Dineen. Le président termina une réunion très agréable et très nombreuse en nous annonçant le programme de la prochaine séance où nous aurons le plaisir d'entendre mademoiselle Bowman qui nous parlera de quelques beautés de la France.

EARLY!

TO HAVE YOUR YEAR BOOK

EARLY!

GET YOUR PICTURE TAKEN

EARLY!



THE GATEWAY

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Editor-in-Chief Noel Iles
Managing Editor Albert M. Cairns
Associate Editors, Mabel R. Conihair, B.A.; F. E. L. Priestley,
B.A.; Wesley Watts, B.A.; E. A. McCourt, C. Jackson, J. W.
Chalmers, B.A.
News Editor Margaret Moore
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THE GATEWAY AND HONORARIA

The question of Student Honorariums has been revived again in a motion carried at the October 26 meeting of the Council. It is one which may be considered from several angles, and decision in any one direction is correspondingly difficult, especially for The Gateway Editor.

In the February 3, 1930, minutes of the retiring Students' Council appears the standing resolution "That an honorarium of \$100.00 be given to the Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway." The motion referred to above reads: "That this Council favors the principle of Student Honorariums." We wish to discuss the principle (insofar as The Gateway is concerned) from our own point of view.

It is quite true that the Editor-in-Chief has one of the most responsible, if not the most responsible of the positions it is in the power of the Union to award; it is also true that the time required of, and the nervous strain occasioned the Editor are probably much in excess of that asked of any student official (with the possible exception of the seasonal "sports" required of the Treasurer of the Students' Union). There are weeks in which he must miss not one, but several important lectures in order that a weighty item may be properly dealt with, and not even an honorarium of several hundred dollars can be considered fully adequate by an Editor who loses a year on the paper's account.

Despite these truths, we are against an honorarium as some recompense to the Editor (who gains much in other ways, of course) unless his staff shall also receive some token of the Union's appreciation of its work.

Over fifty people are engaged in the publication of The Gateway (believe it or not!); some of these (notably the News Editors) spend at least as much time as the Editor-in-Chief in the work of the paper. Only three awards of The Gateway "A" are made each year (and we are strongly against any increase in the number: the award is the most hard-won and the most exclusive decoration on the campus); it is obvious that a lot of hard work is not recognized in tangible fashion by the Union. Rugby, hockey, or other athletic teams receive trips or banquets and sweaters for their services; The Gateway Staff, despite a large surplus, pays for a party out of its own pocket! This is a manifest injustice.

We strongly recommend a choice between these two: That instead of giving the Editor-in-Chief an honorarium of \$100.00, the Council use that sum in giving the staff a dance or a banquet,

or,

That if the Editor must be given said honorarium, the staff be given the dance or banquet suggested in the first choice.

There can be no good reason advanced for a premium placed on athletic prowess displayed for a few months, when at least similar recognition is not granted the session-round mental and physical efforts of so important a Union body as The Gateway Staff.

BUS STOP OR BUST UP?

The University-and-Points-South Bus Service is still non-existent, despite numerous promises and announcements made by the Edmonton City Council. Just how much longer that body will equivocate, procrastinate, hesitate, and generally "hold up the works" is, seemingly, a question to which an answer will be forthcoming at a date which is distant for even a city council to set.

Last spring we had the Council's promise that in return for a certain block of property, a bus service would be established—"as soon as the city's financial condition shall permit." The phrase in quotation might be made to cover a multitude of evasions: it speaks volumes for the laxity of the Council that it was not made to do so; instead, the question was allowed to lapse until this fall, to be revived to the accompaniment of the loud noises with which such things are usually revived.

There has been the little matter of tenders to supply vehicles; no self-respecting Council could call for them much earlier than three or four months after announcement of the project. Then it became necessary to decide on a route—two of them to be chosen from. The choice has caused the City Fathers no little discomfort, and they have again evaded the issue by putting it to the vote in the civic election—more time wasted.

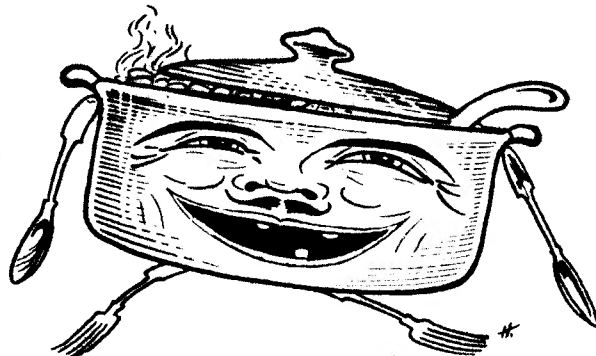
Barring spoiled or stolen ballots, barring election scandal other than placing on the Council misfits who would work quickly and efficiently, and barring the possibility of the University being abolished before that time, we should be riding comfortably through the forty-below weather that we forecast for the winter of 1933-34, or 1934-35, or later.

FOOTBALL COMES INTO ITS OWN

It must have come as a surprise to student rugby fans to learn that "football" has so many accomplished exponents on the campus as to make possible a championship team. The game should attract more attention from now on, and undoubtedly will.

To us, it has been remarkable that the players have shown such enthusiasm and persistence in the fact of an almost complete lack of interest in soccer on the part of the majority of the students. It did not seem probable that we should be able to have a sufficient number interested enough to form a good

CASSEROLE



LONG AGO IN ARCADY

(A tale from the classics, adapted from Ovid
by Buttercup)

Long ago in Arcady there lived a girl named Atalanta, after whom the Atlantic Ocean has been named on account of its feminine inscrutability. Atalanta decided on a career instead of marriage, as many of her sex have since done, and that is where the trouble began. Choosing amateur athletics as her field, she soon became the best co-ed sprinter in the Hellenic Conference, and many were the virile heroes who fell for her in a big way. In fact, they completely lost their heads over this girl, and not metaphorically speaking, either.

Having amassed many cups in her chosen field, and being able to pass even the swiftest of the opposite sex, Atalanta began to develop a superiority complex towards the male members of the race, thus strengthening her decision to remain single and happy. However, she never actually canned a boy friend, but being a Modern Girl, made his ardent wooing the subject of a wager. She promised to become the better half of any man who could beat her in a foot-race, but should he lose, he was gently but firmly taken for a ride.

However, the men of that day being no more sensible than those of the present, insisted on trying their luck, all without success. In fact, this went on to such an extent that Atalanta's girl friends came to regard her as a Public Menace, so many eligible young bachelors were withdrawn from circulation.

Finally, however, an intelligent young Arts student named Hippomenes, who had majored in psychology (mainly feminine), evolved a plan. He wrote for advice to Venus, who seems to have been the Dorothy Dix of her day as regards young and budding romances, and from this wise member of the contrary sex received three golden apples. The day of the race dawned, and the contest began. Almost from the first the Female Wonder of the Track took the lead, which she gradually increased, till finally Hippomenes tossed one of the gilded baubles before her. Being a co-ed, she could not resist the temptation to pick it up, and in so doing lost her lead, but soon regained it. Again the procedure was repeated, again she regained the lead; and finally on the home stretch the third apple was thrown. As she stooped to pick it up her rival went fast to win the race and the hand of the fair sprinter.

We wish we could say they lived happily indefinitely, as occasionally happens, even with married people, but the tale ends differently, for eventually they were both changed to lions. That, however, is another story.

Anyway, Atalanta comes down to us as one of the most celebrated gold diggers in history, for what, after all, is a gold digger but a co-ed who has lost her amateur standing?

Hippomenes is famed as the one who put reverse English on the apple story, but though Eve used food to tempt the male he, with equal insight, used something more substantial to tempt the female.

Things We Have Never Seen

1. The man who admitted he received more cigarettes than he gave away.
2. The insurance agent who admitted his company's rates weren't the lowest in existence.
3. The automobile company which published statistics showing that they sold fewer cars this year than last.
4. The farmer who put up at a commercial traveler's home when his car broke down.
5. A professor who didn't think his course was the most important one in the university.
6. A reference book which is always on the shelf when we want it.
7. The press agent who didn't use superlatives.

—A. A.

* * *
Incongruity

Though I am liberal-minded
With tolerant views and wide,
The aging flirt with flapper's skirt
I simply can't abide.
I'll put it to you frankly,
There's persons whom I shun:
The matron naive of thirty-five
Who acts like twenty-one.

If gay old blades of forty-eight
And "girls" of thirty-nine
Go on a spree and make whoopee
It's no concern of mine.
But why is it, when they come home
From maudlin celebration
They criticize, with bleary eyes,
The younger generation?

Youth will have its fling, no doubt;
It has, since earliest days;
And you can bet they'll dance and pet
Whatever father says.
But they're saved from condemnation
By one redeeming grace:
They'll have their fill and then be still
While oldsters set the pace.

—J. W. C.

team, but the probability has been realized. For some years the same players have been turning out regularly to train, and each year has revealed progress to the spectators at the several games. Now the team is a first-class one.

The soccer team's record is one of which the members can be justly proud. There are few campus sport aggregations that have done so much with so little attention from the students.



AND THAT'S THAT

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—I would like to offer a few words of explanation with regard to an article I wrote for you two weeks ago which unfortunately appeared under the title of "Roland Hayes, Noted Tenor, Gives Splendid Recital," and in answer to the criticism that has been levelled at it.

In the first place, as you so generously admitted, Mr. Editor, the article in question was intended as a feature, and due to an unfortunate error was printed as a news report with a news heading; therefore, although I realize the disappointment that "A Lover of Criticisms that Criticize" must have experienced at not getting the expert criticism which he or she expected, I can at the same time feel that I am not entirely to blame.

Now, sir, I have been accused of intolerance, prejudice, bigotry and narrow-mindedness because apparently my critic could not differentiate between what I humbly considered was rather subtle irony and what he considers as intolerance, prejudice, etc. My whole idea was to point out the fact that the white race with its self-complacent attitude and smug knowledge of its own superiority to races of a darker hue, has throughout history been forced to acknowledge that there can be good, even genius, in others who have not been born white. As the crowning example I introduced what my critic calls "my Sunday School yarn," endeavouring to show that the man who has given his name to a religion which millions of white people profess to follow was a Jew. The obvious inference being that here was a case where race intolerance was not pursued; here was a case where a man from another race is extolled and put in an exalted position—then if that is the case why, after nineteen hundred years, should we persecute because of color differences?

Apparently that was not made clear, or clear enough; at the same time when I wrote that article I was relying on a little intelligence on the part of those who read it, but presumably I was asking too much. Finally, if what I said condemned the U.S.A. to eternal damnation, then what "A Lover of Criticisms that Criticize" said about me puts me in the same category; and strange to say, Mr. Editor, I'm not very worried.

Thanking you for your space, and hoping that this may divert any brickbats from your head to mine.

C. J. JACKSON.

YES, WE LOVE CRITICISMS
THAT CRITICIZE

Shaunavon, Sask.,
October 26th, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—With further reference to your now famous write-up, "Roland Hayes, Noted Tenor, Gives Splendid Recital," permit me to ask with A Lover of Criticisms that Criticize, where was the sweet consistency of the writer, who, after pleading so eloquently for racial tolerance—for negroes—ends his plea by heaping contumely upon Jews?

Further, Mr. Editor, may I point out that A Lover of Criticisms that Criticize was exercised not by the fact that the phrase in question was on your front page, but rather that it appeared in your paper at all. There was equally no excuse for it on the back page, or on any other page for that matter. Then why beat about the bush, Mr. Editor?

I doubt very much if you are in accord with your writer's sentiments on this matter, but circumstantially, it looks very much that way. Your explanation that doesn't explain throws the onus from your writer on to you.

In the absence of your further explanation, I can perhaps best sign myself in your writer's happy phrase, NOT A WHITE MAN—BUT A JEW.

[Both critics of the "now-famous" Roland Hayes feature have overlooked the prime requisite for a good criticism—that the critic shall have read carefully the article on which he is to pass judgment of one kind or another.

When we received the letter signed "A Lover of Criticisms That Criticize," there was not a copy available of the issue containing the Hayes "write-up"; consequently we could not make an intelligent comment on what the feature writer had said. Since reading the feature, however, we have not seen any necessity for the editorial comment suggested by the writer of the above letter, for the simple reason that it required little more than a casual reading to convince us that the feature's author was being commendably ironical at the expense of the "white" man (as he points out in this column today). More careful reading would have saved our critics their indignation—an indignation with which we should have fully sympathized, had it been warranted.—Editor.]

THE DUMMY HANDS

Edmonton, Alta.,
Nov. 2, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—Regarding the article in The Gateway of last week stating that the writer hoped that no students would attempt to repeat the Halloween prank of Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1928: to wit, the dummy episode on the High Level Bridge, may we take this opportunity to inform him that University students were in no way responsible for the said affair.

The hoax was perpetrated by two pals and myself, and if we do say so ourselves, "it went over big." To quote an Edmonton paper: "... One of the most artistic hoaxes ever perpetrated in the city." However, my intention in writing this article is not to direct any bouquets, or the police for that matter, in our direction, but

rather to clear up any misapprehension that may exist on the subject. We were at the time only lowly high school students, and were immensely flattered to think that our handiwork was mistaken for the doings of the "lofty college men across the river."

However, having myself become a specimen of the aforementioned species, while I regard the conduct in question as probably befitting a high school student, it is hardly to be expected of the average university student. We hope that this epistle will in some measure efface the blot on the escutcheon of our Alma Mater and place us in better light in the eyes of the good burghers and our esteemed friend Chief Shute.

In closing may we take this opportunity to offer our belated apologies to Chief Shute, the City Fire Dept., Howard and McBride and the Coroner.

The Three Must Get Theirs,
"M.B."
"P.C."
"J.C."
Per M.B.

EXCHANGE

Students and the World of Today

Many thoughtful students today believe that we are living in a society of contradictions; the name of Christ is extolled but His ethics ignored; love and good will are preached, but suspicion and hatred are practised; service is praised, but profits are sought and war incurred; all people are neighbors, but high walls of racial prejudice, national arrogance and class superiority make them enemies; in short, the Sermon on the Mount, though conventionally professed, is evaded by groups of Christians and denied by the pagan State. In individual lives also the consciousness of inherent contradiction is ever present.

In a world so baffling in its inconsistencies, students are faced with the relentless question:

"What shall I do with my life?
Shall I wear it away in a tepid routine of commonplace respectability?
Shall I consume it in the passion

for gain, with money as my god and profit as my goal?

Shall I yield it to my country, right or wrong, in uncritical obedience?

Shall I dedicate it to some desperate and violent social revolution?

Shall I give it with abandon to Jesus Christ for an intelligent, passionate, and creative fellowship with God and men in making possible the Kingdom of God?"

(Leaflet announcing Eleventh Quadrennial Convention, Student Volunteer Movement of Canada and United States, at Buffalo, N.Y., December 30th, 1931, to January 3rd, 1932.)

The Scholar

A noted psychologist has given the following requirements of a scholar:

Understanding and appreciation of other races and cultures contemporary or remote.

Ability and disposition to weigh evidence in controversial matters.

Ability and disposition to mentally project an undertaking through its successive steps before undertaking it.

Skill in explanation and prediction. Ability and disposition to look beneath the surface of things before passing judgment.

Ability to do reflective thinking. Disposition toward continued study and intellectual cultivation.

Critical and questioning attitude toward traditional sanctions.

Clarity in definition. Discrimination in values in reacting to environment, social and physical.

Analytical approach to propositions leading to the detection of fallacies and contradictions.

Ability and disposition to observe accurately and systematically.

Understanding and skill in the use of processes of induction, deduction and generalization.

The ability to see relationships and accuracy in their interpretation.

A freshness of interest with respect to the developments of knowledge.

There was a young lady from Athens
Who hand-painted china just lovely;
When people said "Oh!"
She said "I don't care!"
"You don't get paid much for it any-way."

A MATTER OF TASTE?

...Winchesters, of course



20 FOR 25 CENTS

Winchester
CIGARETTES

Blended Right!

THE BEST
Varsity Tuck
Shop

IN CANADA



THE

Rainbow Room

IS FREE FOR STUDENTS' FUNCTIONS

ANOTHER COLUMN

By L.L.A.

Introducing this week an Entire New Theatre Column guaranteed to Please the most fastidious—We comment on the Wauneita and a theatre ad writer and discover that there is no good in University bus lines.

OUR OWN THEATRE COLUMN

(What do you column?)

NOTE: Not being ourselves entirely satisfied, and being led to believe that others are dissatisfied with certain theatre columns appearing in various Edmonton newspapers (Gateway included), we have managed, at great cost in time and money, to compose the following more or less honest column, written in the best style of theatre column writers. We are greatly indebted to Pythias for the invaluable assistance given in completing this monumental work.

Simmerin'.—This is a wild west society drummer taken from Bernard Blotch's book of approximately the same name. It is being shown at the Blooey Theatre for the first one and one-half days this week (the management couldn't get anything else). In spite of the fact that the direction is terrible, the scenery obviously faked, the acting all botched up, and that the heroine's aunt had Athlete's Foot, this picture is well worth seeing.

Hell's Bells.—This is undoubtedly the most stupendous, awe-inspiring, heart-rending, nerve-paralysing, lachrymose, colossal, all-transcending, spellbinding extra super epic that has ever been seen here or anywhere else. It has been obtained at almost fabulous cost by the management of the Boloney Theatre of this city and Leduc, where it will be shown for the first ten days of next week. Special show for the kiddies at 7:32 Saturday morning. Bring them all along, they will enjoy it. The scene in which Lieutenant Scrum cracks up and is burned up in the wreckage of his plane is just too cute for words. There are several weak spots in this film, in fact it is ready to come apart in several places if the proper glue is not applied at once. Bertram Blunk as the hero is pretty awful, and Susan Slop as the heroine is just awful, but for a nice clean evening of entertainment this picture is well worth seeing.

Gas and Gats.—This delightful little comedy of the underworld (not the subway) has its thrilling moments. Billy Bashem, the big he-man leader of Big-Ears McGuffey's mob, does some neat work with his typewriter (blonde), and the theme song, "Scatterbrains," is a very moving and tender melody, punctuated in appropriate spots by delightful pineapple tunes. Little Miss Lily Lemon, playing the part of Bashem's moll is a hot number. The scene in which the boys hide her teddies is one of the most soul-stirring bits of dramatic action we have ever witnessed. The final shots, in which everyone is snuffed out by a rival gang, is one of the most satisfying scenes of the picture. This picture is Passed U, in fact it is past everybody, and should be passed into the ash-can. In spite of its rotten continuity, poor taste in lingerie, loose direction, and low grade photography, this picture is well worth seeing.

Synthetic Sin.—We have sin better pictures than this, but then again we may also have witnessed worse (we don't know where just offhand). From the popular novel by Guinevere Gold-dust, this picture typifies very accurately the convivial condition of our uppercrust. This picture is being shown at the Stuffy Theatre for the first three weeks of next month only. This is positively its only appearance in this or any other town, city, village or railroad siding. It is estimated that during the production of this masterpiece two tank-cars of gin were consumed, to say nothing of several gallons of excellent floor-polish. Miss Gertie Gartersnake, the luscious (or

of service. If the city council is interested we can furnish a neat little time-table we made out over the entire course of both proposed routes. We feel that this should save the city two or three dollars on the fifteen thousand or so that it is estimated the gravelling for the proposed bus line will cost; in a year of financial stringency (so we have been told) this saving should be of great importance.

Furthermore, anyone may see at a glance that the proposed route does not even hint at any proximity to the University residences. Anyone living in residence might just as well walk the remaining three blocks to the car-line as wait for a bus which might turn up some time in the next half-hour.

Finally, we have heard a rumor to the effect that the type of bus it is proposed to put on the University run will accommodate 21 passengers. This number was probably decided on by some bright member of the city council with an eye to economy, who had previously seen ten or a dozen university students going to town in a taxi.

All in all, we feel that the scheme is going to be of very little practical use to the University, and it seems quite evident that it is being given merely to fulfill one of the conditions of the Amalgamation Agreement between Edmonton and Strathcona, namely, that some system of transportation shall be provided for the University. We feel that after having waited some twenty years before fulfilling this obligation, the city of Edmonton would have done better to have relegated this clause of the agreement to the scrap-heap as it has done with most of the others, rather than to try to fulfill it in this half-hearted sort of way. When the city proposes some kind of service that is of real use to the University, we may be interested.

Most theatre advertising is merely tragic, in other words, it is merely a rather pitiful collection of tripe (or possibly hokum—see E.M.J. for definition) in which the words stupendous, smashing, soul-stirring, etc., are used so often that the average theatre-goer, having become satiated with superlatives, demands something even better to lure him to the theatre. At first glance it might seem a sheer, staring impossibility to furnish such a thing. However, in the city of Edmonton itself there is a man who has not only risen nobly to the occasion, but who has even passed the limits of what has heretofore been considered the ultimate in advertising. This man is no less than Walter P. Wilson, manager of the Capitol Theatre. Various masterpieces of his have appeared from time to time in Edmonton newspapers (not The Gateway), and some day it is our hope to make a comprehensive collection of them; however, this will require both work and time, and we must content ourselves with two gems. The first, apropos of the picture "Cimarron," was broadcast over a local station this spring:

"Cimarron is a Rampaging Epic of Rout and Empire."

The other appeared a few nights ago in an Edmonton paper (again not The Gateway):

"For over 20 years I have viewed pictures. As I write this advertisement, a thrill, a quiver races up and down my spine. After all these years I have finally seen A PICTURE SO GREAT IN DRAMATIC MAGNITUDE it leaves me limp at the thought of its staggering emotions. That picture is 'Five Star Final'."

W. P. Wilson.

We have nothing more to say.

THEATRE REVIEWS

Showing Now:

"Young As You Feel," Princess.
"Twenty Four Hours," Capitol.
"Mother's Millions," Strand.
"Shanghai Love," Rialto.

Starting Saturday, Nov. 7:
"Tell England," Capitol.
"Monkey Business," Strand.

Starting Monday, Nov. 9:
"Silence," Princess.

Starting Wednesday, Nov. 11:
"Touchdown," Capitol.
"The Smiling Lieutenant," Princess.
"Girls About Town," Strand.
"The Chinese Bungalow," Rialto.

Starting Friday, Nov. 13:
"Daddy Long Legs," Princess.

"Young As You Feel," showing at the Princess Theatre now, features an old favorite in the person of Will Rogers. He plays in a slightly different role this time, taking the part of a dyspeptic old widower who has a difficult time trying to make his two sons settle down to the life which he has chosen for them. The situations which arise when he becomes intoxicated and infatuated with a dancer are dealt with in the typical Rogers style, and provide plenty of fun.

"Shanghai Love," showing at the Rialto Theatre today and Saturday, is a sea story and is adapted from the book called "The Blood Ship." Noah Beery, Sally Blane and Richard Cromwell are featured in this production, and considering the title and cast it should provide thrills enough for even the most bloodthirsty.

"Tell England," showing at the Capitol Theatre, starting Saturday, is one of the relatively few British

pictures to be shown here recently. It is a war film, but not like most of them, picturing the glorious side of war, but rather showing the quietly heroic and drab side of the Great War in the fateful Gallipoli campaign. It is the story of two English school-boys who, like thousands of others, were thrown from their quiet surroundings into the midst of this carnage. The acting is excellent, and the plot is one which will always be popular among British people.

"Monkey Business," coming to the Strand Theatre Saturday, needs no introduction to the Varsity theatre-goers. This show, featuring the four Marx Brothers, played here several weeks ago, and judging from the enthusiasm with which it was received those who missed it will be glad of this chance to see it. The story is laid on board a ship, with the four brothers as stowaways, and a great proportion of the rest of the people on the ship crooks. The show is the acme of slapstick comedy.

"Silence," showing at the Princess Theatre starting Monday, is an interesting human melodrama, starring Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau, and Peggy Shannon. It gives Brock a chance to display his ability as a character actor, and he takes every advantage of the opportunity. It is a good story and well worth seeing.

"Touchdown," coming to the Capitol Theatre Wednesday, is a recent Paramount release. It is a football story with all of the usual accompaniments and has a strong cast of actors. Richard Arlen plays the leading part, assisted by C. Starrett and Jack Oakie. Considering the season of the year and the interest taken in football, this show should be popular.

"The Smiling Lieutenant," showing at the Princess Theatre starting Wednesday, brings us once more Maurice Chevalier, assisted this time by another favorite, Claudette Colbert, and Miriam Hopkins. Those who have liked Chevalier before will like him better than ever in this picture, and those who disliked him before are apt to change their opinions. The story is a mixup where a young lieutenant in Austria marries a princess. He fancies himself in love with another girl, and the situation which starts out as being melodramatic, ends up as one of the best farces of the year. "Girls About Town," showing at

The Material Monuments of L. C. Smith

By "J.B."

"In Defence of the Duds"

We read with considerable interest the "Miscellaneous and Miscellaneous" of "F. P. Mac" appearing in the October 23rd issue of The Gateway, but we find it quite impossible to swallow all the pills of criticism offered therein. We would humbly point out that taste in things artistic is a matter of individual opinion. The end of art is to arouse certain sensations within the audience or spectators which combine to produce a general feeling of enjoyment. Everybody, we submit, does not enjoy the same sensations, and again, the same spectacle or sound does not resuscitate the same sensations in everybody who sees or hears it. On this count alone, therefore, it is manifestly dogmatic to assert that "it is no secret that British films are usually duds." Were we, who are British, to level a similar shaft of destructive criticism at American productions we would admittedly be committing an equal indiscretion even though we personally might feel just as radically opposed to them as "F. P. Mac" is to the British reels.

Then again we would like to contest the above-mentioned statement, in combination with certain others extracted from the same article, on premises other and perhaps more convincing than those purely psychological or idealistic. Primarily, we believe that it is superfluous to append any statistical confirmation of the fact that the American output of films is far in excess of that of Great Britain. This is a self-evident truth. England boasts Elstree and Twickenham Studios alone to compete with the vast accumulated resources of the American filmland, for we do not take into consideration such units of production as the Wilf. Gannon Corporation, who rely solely on local interests to give a merely local support. With this superior unit of production, it but stands to reason that the quantity of American films, of quality good, bad and indifferent, will in like vast measure exceed that of the Old Country. Now if we assume in connection with this logical, basic premise a further almost axiomatic statement, namely, that comparisons are both easier and of clearer definition where they are few, we evolve another reason prompting "F. P. Mac's" most scathing denunciation. English films are so few and far between that they are almost curiosities. Their restricted numbers give birth to the illogical conclusion that, because they lack quantity, they should make up for it in quality, that, because they are few, they must all necessarily be select. The utterly nonsensical nature of this belief may be clearly exposed by assuming a similar argumentative basis for a more obvious example. Thus, if a farmer has one hundred hens producing from among their number twenty first-class eggs and he elects to reduce their number to fifty, it is supremely evident that both the total number of eggs and the total number of first-class eggs will be materially reduced though the percentage figures of the latter may remain unaltered. So, with America giving us, let us say hypothetically, twenty first-class films in one hundred and England only ten in fifty, we can see that the standard of production is statistically the same.

The two preceding arguments will naturally apply to all departments of the cinema industry, but there is yet another phase of the whole burning question that is at present crying aloud for publicity. When the operation of the Quota System began to restrict unlimited Hollywood production by the definite requirement of British films in British theatres, certain American interests are definitely alleged to have commenced production in England to overcome the restriction. Moreover, these films, labelled British and produced in Britain, were the output of the inferior staffs of Hollywood and have accounted for an enormous amount of the damage done to the prestige of the film industry of England.

And now, perhaps, out of the depths of his or her unwanted sympathy, "F. P. Mac" will travel to Elstree and express definitely the meaning of the phrase, "the usual British poor photography." He or she may also discover an odd moment or two to straighten up the lighting. Above all he or she may be able to stay long enough to introduce a beautiful, American accent. We, personally, contemplate introducing a Chinese accent into the language of the Hottentots as being equally necessary and desirable, and, above all, equally natural.

In conclusion, however, we would reiterate our first argument as being the best suited to take the part of the oil to be poured on the troubled waters of argumentative comparisons between British and American film industries. We would sum it up in the guise of the pithy French aphorism: "Chacun a son goût" and then retire once more into restful quietude, hoping that unseemly arrogance such as we have mentioned above will not again sully the fair vista of constructive criticism laid open to us week by week in the pages of The Gateway.

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"Tardiness in Excelsis"

(A Family Cameo)

When it came to getting moving the Exodus family was a typical example of how not to do it. That is to say, they habitually left things to the last moment and then instituted a sort of family drive which exhausted all who participated. Mrs. Exodus was especially noticeable in this regard. An appointment would be written down for three o'clock and subsequently forgotten until it was not humanly possible to keep it with anything approaching punctuality. At five minutes to three, Miss Exodus would recollect it and the entire personnel of the household would immediately be galvanized into lightning activity. They would streak hither and thither, fetching and carrying and dropping things and yelling advice and injunctions to each other the while until it appeared as if they were in the process of committing a joint murder or expecting a sudden visit from the entire Royal Family. At ten past three Mrs. Exodus would be off in the car—to fetch which Papa Exodus had been compelled to leave a most momentous job of potting—completely gotten up—through the united efforts of Miss Exodus and the cook, whose cakes consequently suffered the same horrible fate as those of King Alfred—and at a terrific speed—made possible by Master Exodus's diligent operations in clearing the road of dogs, cats, chickens and other like impedimenta.

"Back at eight!" would be the final remark from Mrs. Exodus, and the departure gang would relapse again into its former comparatively apathetic state, knowing that they would not see her again until 8:45 at the earliest.

On other, fortunately less numerous, occasions Mrs. Exodus would announce with alarming finality that she intended to start for the city,

about sixty miles distant, "really early."

"About what time?" would come the innocent question. "Not later than eight, anyway." And the impressive ring of determination in Mrs. Exodus's voice would have deceived anyone but the hardened household. The last word in this dictum was stressed sufficiently to intimate that, were the very heavens to fall, Mrs. Exodus would be on the road at 8:00 a.m.

By 7:45 the following morning everything would be comparatively ready. Then Mrs. Exodus would appear. Breakfast would be finished when Papa Exodus would be dispatched to look at the carburettor, or by roughly three minutes to eight, some similar internal organ, of the car which had been forgetting the true nature of its function the day before. At 8:15 the erring mechanism would be in as good working order as Papa Exodus's unparliamentary vocabulary, the easy running of which was a modern marvel, but the dog would have planted himself firmly in the exact centre of the back seat whence he defied all efforts to extract him for a remarkably long time. In his last desperate struggle to avoid removal he would lay a hind paw, previously bathed in a mixture of motor oil, mud and sand, on Mrs. Exodus's dress. As a result 8:20 would see her flying upstairs again to change. In the middle of this operation the telephone bell would ring and the ensuing conversation, of how ever trivial importance, could be relied upon safely to endure for fully ten minutes. Back again to the car once more only to discover that the dog, complete with oily, muddy, sandy paws, was occupying the driving seat, whence he would be immediately evicted, but whereon distinct traces of his unwelcome presence would remain. By 8:40 the loose covers of the seat would be removed; likewise all the other loose covers to preserve uniformity of appearance. At 8:41 either a sadly deflated tire or a jammed starter would call for the undivided and combined attention of the whole neighbourhood. At 8:50 another apparently urgent telephone call would come through, and so on till, at 9:30, Mrs. Exodus would reach the farm gate only to discover that she had left the letters she simply had to post in the city in the second left-hand drawer of the writing-table in her room, and would someone please hurry and get them as she was late already.

"For Future Reference"

We have but two criticisms to offer the "Little Theatre" organization after their presentation of "Death Takes a Holiday" which occupied the boards at the Empire Theatre on Saturday, October 31st. The first of these is directed against certain members of the cast, and may be briefly summed up in words to the effect that they did not act as directed. It was our privilege to attend one or two of the rehearsals of this produc-

(Continued on page 6)

"Any occasion is an occasion for flowers"

Edmonton Flower Shop

Wm. Slocombe, Mgr.

10223 Jasper Ave.

Phone 21739 Edmonton

Your Orders Executed Promptly

for Every Occasion

IT'S DAWNING

On more people every day,
that poor shoe work
doesn't pay

Try Lamb Bros.

Cor. 105th St. & Jasper Ave.

Phone 22235

We call for and deliver

"Better Work at a Better Price"

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Garneau Service Station
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WASHING, SIMONIZING,
ALEMITING, VULCANIZING
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EVERYTHING IN
SPORTING GOODS
SEE
UNCLE BEN'S
EXCHANGE
PHONE 2057
Cor. 102nd Ave. & 101st St.

YEAR BOOK PHOTOS
for Christmas delivery should
be taken NOW
THE UNIVERSITY STUDIO
In the Department of Extension

SCIENTIST MAKES
STARTLING DISCOVERY

Major Maxwell Uncovers Interesting Relics

(Special to The Gateway)

WHITE MUD, Oct. 21. — Major Amos John Maxwell, popularly known as "Handsome Maxie," eminent scientist, philosopher, author, philanthropist, big game hunter and authority on twittering and good manners, is reported by reputable persons here to have made a most startling discovery—one likely to spell revolution in the fields of zoology and palaeontology.

Major Maxwell, on one of the numerous excursions which he is given in congenial company to making into the White Mud Creek area, determined to find, if possible, any patches of black mud which might exist there, on the theory that such spots of sable hue in an area otherwise dominated by white mud must surely secrete from the scientific world facts of the gravest import.

Accompanied by only one assistant in the person of Dr. Fritz Flinte, of the University of Pretzel, Germany (better known to the public as the promulgator of several momentous new theories on student discipline), the Major is reported to have plunged boldly, like Champplain of old, into the unknown hinterland of White Mud where, guided only by his infal-

the Strand Theatre Wednesday, is another recent release, starring Kay Francis, Lilyan Tashman and Eugene Palette. From the list of stars this should be a good show.

"The Chinese Bungalow," showing at the Rialto Theatre starting Wednesday, is adapted from the stage play of the same name. Matheson Lang, one of the leading character actors of the day, takes the leading role, and his acting in itself makes the show worth seeing.

"Daddy Long Legs," coming to the Princess Theatre Friday, is one show which needs little introduction to anybody. It is one of the finest stories which has appeared on the screen lately, and with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in the leading parts, students would be well advised to see it.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

(With apologies to Ripley)

YOU'LL FIND THE LARGEST AND SMARTEST COLLECTION OF SHOES EVER OFFERED IN THE CITY AT THE

STERLING

Scores of styles in

BLACK SUEDE

BROWN SUEDE

BLACK KID

BROWN KID

BLACK MOIRE

BLACK FAILE

BLACK SILK RAY

also

WHITE FABRICS

(tinted free)

\$4. - \$5. - \$6. - \$7.

All sizes, all widths

STERLING SHOES LTD.

10125 101st Street.

Opp. Rialto Theatre

SPORTS

FOURTH PERIOD TOUCH GIVES ALBERTA 5-4 WIN OVER SASKATCHEWAN

U. of A. Rugby Squad Comes From Behind To Beat Sask.

Alberta Still Has Chance to Take Title—Dempster's Fumble Causes Loss for Saskatchewan Team by 5-4 Count—Green and Gold Had Edge Most of Game

After sputtering along for four games the Senior Rugby Club blew up right in the face of the Saskatchewan squad last Saturday, when it took the slightly over-confident Green and White squad 5 to 4 right on their own stamping ground.

Although the Alberta team had been conceded little chance to come through with a win after absorbing so many walloppings in their previous games, they went on to the field last Saturday apparently inspired, and had command of the game from the start.

Only hard luck of the worst kind kept them from scoring long before they did. At one time three attempted field goals in a row went bad, and it shows how often the boys were in there that they had the chance to attempt three.

BADMINTON CLUB GAINS RECOGNITION

Fred Sparling, Evelyn Shillington and Alice Garbutt on New Executive

The Students' Badminton Club is well on its way to another successful year. Recognition for the first time by the Students' Union has done much to arouse keen interest.

The officers elected for the year are: President, Fred Sparling; vice-president, Miss Evelyn Shillington; sec.-treas., Miss Alice Garbutt.

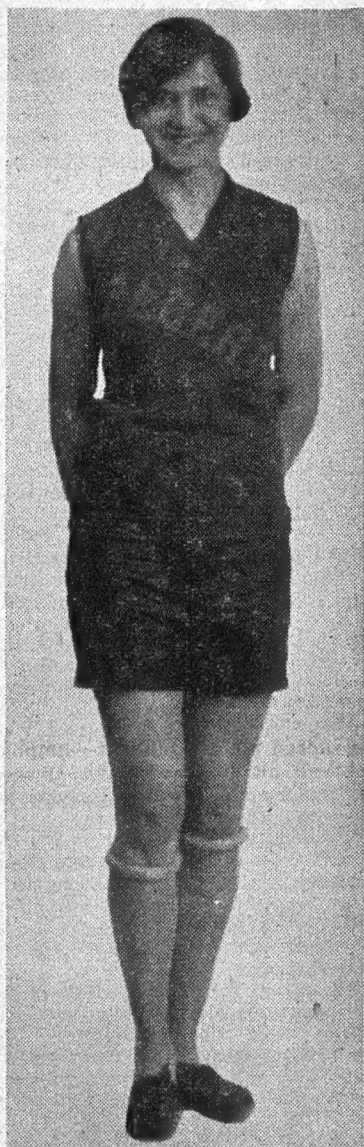
The club has the use of the gymnasium on the following hours: Tuesday, 8:30-12:30 a.m., 9:30-11:30 p.m.; Wednesday, 8:30-12:30 a.m.; Friday, 7:30-11:00 p.m.; Sunday, 6:00-11:00 p.m.

All students wishing to join the Badminton Club must pay their fees on or before Friday, Nov. 13. The membership fee is \$3.00, and may be paid to the secretary-treasurer.

son. The victory over the Saskatchewan team gives Alberta another chance, pretty slim, of course, to cop the W.C.I.R.F.U. title. Coach Morgan probably thinks a lot more of his chances right now than he did a week ago, and he's right. In our opinion a miracle had been worked when we took that last game.

Manitoba comes here now for the last game of the season on Wednesday, and it should be a good one. At any rate, students should be out to see the team that has been revamped from the opening of the season into what looks like a real rugby squad.

HIGH SCORER



GLADYS FRY

The tall Grad centre went through Toronto for plenty last night, helping her team to amass a scant 104 points over the All-Stars' score.

INTERVARSITY RIFLE MEET IS PLANNED

Shoot is Open to All Canadian Universities—Winner May Enter Imperial Meet

The commanding officer of the U. of A. C.O.T.C. has made arrangements to enter a team of eight for the inter-varsity shoot this year. This shoot is open to all universities in Canada, and is sponsored by the Canadian Rifle Association, which has donated a cup to be held by the team, and eight smaller ones annually to be held permanently by each member of

MANITOBA HERE FOR RUGBY GAME

Alberta Still Has Chance if Saskatchewan Defeats Winnipeggers

On Wednesday next Manitoba Varsity plays Alberta at Varsity grid. We are more than pleased with rugby prospects at the present moment. "Bud" Morgan has done wonders with the boys in the last two weeks, and the team is out to cut their notch. We still have a chance at the Western Canada championship, and are resolved to "take them" this trip. The team will then play in B.C. in an effort to eliminate their hopes from the western final. But, students, we need your assistance. Come on, Rally Committee, throw some pep into it and get the crowd on their toes. There goes the whistle. Varsity! Varsity!

SPORTING SLANTS

By C.J.J.

The victory against Saskatchewan was indeed a sweet one, for our team undoubtedly had the best of the game, and it would have been tough if they'd lost it. Now let's take Manitoba—we know you can do it.

Jestley deserves a lot of praise for snaring Dempster's fumble, while we understand that it was Wilf Hutton, who was down under the kick as usual, that started the whole business.

Saturday was a day of football surprises. Varsity beat Saskatchewan, Junior Calgary team beat the Junior Eskimos, and last but not least, the Arts-Ag-Com-Law - House Ec - Nurses beat the Science.

Don Wilson, who played such a good game for the Varsity Juniors, is a swimmer of no mean repute. He's established an enviable record in provincial circles, and we'd like to see him in an intercollegiate meet.

Jack Ford and "Three Touch" Cooper, the respective quarterbacks of the Science and Arts interfacs rugby teams, are injured and will be out of next Saturday's game—both these boys will be missed.

The basketball out at the Arena between the Edmonton Grads and the Toronto All Stars should be well worth watching. There's bound to be quite a lot of determination, to say the least, on the part of both teams.

It's too bad the Junior Esks got beaten, but after all it is only a game, and these protests serve to turn the whole thing more into a business than a game. However, better luck next time.

And how about next Wednesday? Let's have a great big crowd and lots of cheering—yes, and lots for Manitoba. And if we are losing ten minutes before time, let's keep sitting down and give the team all the support we can.

the winning team. The last inter-varsity meet in which Alberta competed was held in 1925. At that time Alberta stood third, only 6 points behind Queen's, the leading team. In 1924 Alberta stood second to McGill, only 4 points behind.

Any team making a good showing in the Canadian meet may be entered in the Imperial Inter-varsity Meet. Unfortunately, four years ago the local range was condemned, and till this year it was impossible to enter a team, since all shoots must be held in the open.

Colonel Dunn has made arrangements with the Stony Plain Rifle Club for use of their range, and it will therefore be possible to participate this year. Entrants must be members of C.O.T.C., and already some forty members have signified their intention to participate.

The date of the shoot has not yet been selected. Each university shoots off at the appointed date, and the highest eight scores constitute a team.

SPORTS SCHEDULE

Students are advised of the following athletic events within the next week. Don't miss them—they are going to be worth while. Turn out and help Varsity turn back the opposition.

Interfac Rugby Final, Sci vs. Arts. Saturday, Nov. 7, 2:30 p.m. This is a real thrill. Don't fail to see it. Athletic cards or 25c.

Manitoba vs. Varsity Rugby Game. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 2:30 p.m. Alberta still has a fair chance at the cup. They need your support. Use athletic cards.

Senior Men's Basketball. Men who hope to play basketball this winter turn out at 5:30 daily in upper gym for workouts under R. N. Stephens, our new coach. Get in touch with Al McGill.

Swimming. Every Tuesday evening at the Y.W.C.A. from 7:30 to 10 p.m. Swimming tickets cost \$1.50, and it's worth double. Bathing suits required.

Grads vs. Toronto All Stars. Saturday night at Arena, 8 p.m. Sophomore Dance.

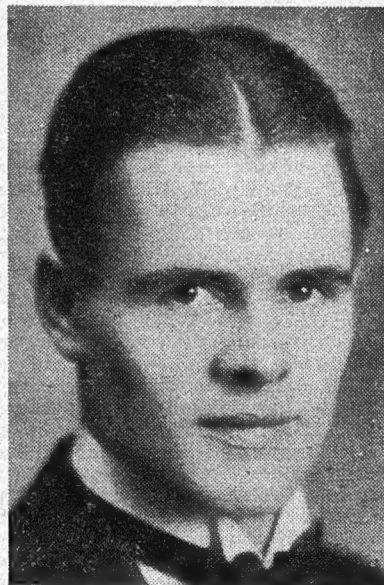
The annual tête-à-tête between Frosh and Sophs. There may be some real fun after the dance. Who knows? (Athletic cards are positively not accepted.)

MEN'S BASKETBALL PRACTICES BEGIN

Coach Stephens Steps the Boys Around Smartly in Pre-season Training

The senior men's basketball team have been working out daily at 5:30 p.m., and many prominent basketballers have been on hand. At the last practices over 30 men have hit the training grind, and under the able direction of Coach Stephens, give promise of a team of real calibre. Judging from the manner in which Mr. Stephens handles the boys, we are convinced that he knows his stuff, and with early training the gang should be in ship-shape for the winter's activities. All men interested get in touch with Al McGill or Frank Kennedy. Get out and train, fellows!

BOB HILL



(Special to the Calgary Herald) Cardston, Oct. 30.—A marriage of interest to many in this province was solemnized on Monday evening at the home of Mr. J. Y. Card, in Cardston, when Miss Byrd McCarthy became the bride of Mr. Robert Hill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hill of Calgary. President Card officiated at the cere-

ARTS DEFEAT SCI IN FIRST PLAYOFF

Cooper, Edwards and Art McLennan Help Arts Win to Tune 12-9

In the first game of the interfacs play the Arts-Ag-Nursing-Com-Law-House Ec locked the plumbers in the bathroom and romped off with a 3-point lead.

For the first three quarters the Science line seemed to have joined Ghandi in his non-resistance campaign, with Putnam, Hargrave, Edwards and Jackson going through for yards time after time.

Arts kicked off against the wind. Gardiner made 40 yards on a first play. Science offside, and Putnam broke through on next play. Science forced to kick. Cooper brings ball out, but is offside. Science got ball and Gardiner kicked for a point. After Arts made another couple of fumbles, Gardiner again kicked for a point. Arts backfield came to the rescue with a nice end run, and Putnam made yards on a plunge. Arts were offside, and McLennan kicked. Ives made a couple of nice runs, but lost the ball when he was tackled.

Quarter-time found Science in possession on Arts 30 yard line. Science lost the ball on a fumble. Jackson's 30 yard run combined with some good

mony.

Mrs. Hill, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCarthy of Twin Butte and a sister of Ed and Joe McCarthy, who have operated the famous Horse Shoe Dude ranch near Waterton for a number of seasons, is an accomplished horsewoman and mountain guide. She is an excellent shot and has many trophies to her credit. She graduated from the Claresholm Agricultural College.

As a graduate of the University of Alberta, and one prominently connected with athletics, "Bob" Hill is well known in the province and in Calgary, where he took an active part in sports.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill will make their winter home in Twin Butte on the old McCarthy homestead there, while Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCarthy are spending the season in Tropic, Utah. In the spring they will move to Calgary, where they will reside.

bucking put Cooper in position for a drop kick. Science kicked and Cooper ran ball back. McLennan kicked, and Ives was rouged for a point.

Science fumbled and lost 15 yards, and Ford kicked. McLennan returned the kick, and Arts got another point. At half-time Science was in possession on Arts 20 yard line.

Science kicked off with the wind. Arts returned. Science worked ball up to Arts 10 yard line, and attempted a drop kick. Arts rouged for a point. Arts kicked. Gardiner ran the ball back to centre field, and Ken Ford kicked from 50 yard line for a point.

Chris Jackson went 50 yards on a nice broken field run. Skiv Edwards went over for a touch on the next down and converted.

The last quarter saw some rugby that for excitement and good all-round playing has not been exceeded on the grid this year.

Science went down the field with a series of plunges and end runs. Arts regained the ball on a fumble. "Skiv" made a nice end run. He and Kipp completed a forward for a 20 yard gain.

Arts lost possession and Gardiner made a 40 yard run for Science. Mooney on a nice fake end run went over for a touch. Jackson kicked for Arts' last point.

Arts played by far their best game of the year, being strong both on defense and attack. McLennan, Cooper, Jackson, Edwards and Putnam all played at top form.

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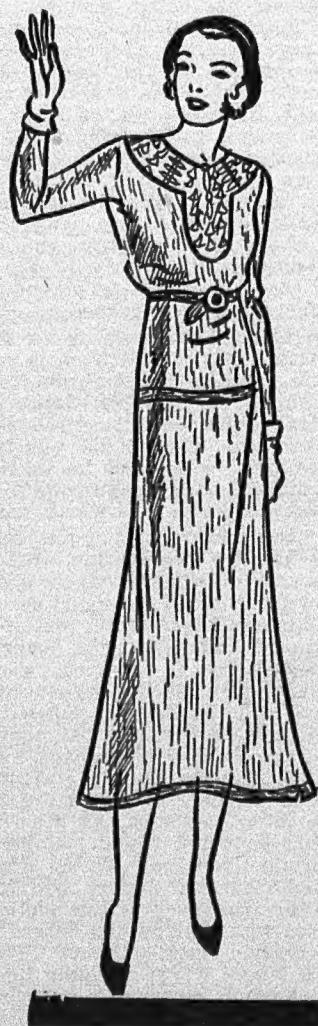
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Get the habit of dropping in each evening. It's a good one.

FISH FUR

By the Kanteloupe Kid

Scoop!

An exclusive interview with that internationally famous explorer and prospector, Dr. Otto B. Hungh, has just been obtained by this paper. Dr. Hungh is already triply renowned for his work on several continents, notably the de Beers Diamond mines in Africa, the de Kuyper Gin mills in Ontario, and the Scotch Mints in California.

This distinguished ologist was recently prevailed upon to accept a grant from the Honkytonk Research Corporation enabling further study of the wild life in the vicinity of Calgary. Your representative, fired with an ambition to render greater service, plunged into this desolate country and located Dr. Hungh near Bowness. Thrilled beyond words at the honor which had been conferred upon him, the savant consented to release for publication some of the first results he has obtained.

Life in Calgary is particularly avacurious, and Dr. Hungh risks his life every time he ventures out of his hut. Some of the animals have been found to resemble human beings in every respect externally, but their brain is remarkably red in color—however, this is only of passing interest. The most outstanding investigation has been conducted upon the famous Goofus and Gillygalloo birds. These furry creatures are strangely alike in outward appearance—covered by several long hair-like feathers of a brilliant green color and possessing a pointed horn-like beak and gangly legs, both bright yellow. In addition, they have a most unusual method of motivation: both birds fly backward.

The cause of this latter peculiarity was the theme song of Dr. Hungh, and he has obtained results which should enable instant identification. The Goofus bird flies backward for the simple reason that he is thoroughly reckless. He cares not where he is going as long as he can see where he has been. The Gillygalloo bird flies backward for a much different reason. His reversed orientation is actuated by definite organic weaknesses. In the first place he has weak eardrums, and in the second place, like so many of his human contemporaries, he has an extremely bad case of sinus trouble. The wind rushing past his head and through his beak when he motivates himself in the usual direction causes frightful headaches, which four boxes of aspirin cannot mitigate.

Rather than face these ordeals the wise old bird takes off with his tail against the wind, and instead of causing pain, the wind creates a vacuum around the bird's head which draws the sinus germs out of their hiding places, and they are promptly consumed.

The Funny Things

Dr. Hungh's second revelation is related to another form of animal life which has caused much confusion among nature lovers. Two animals frequently found in the foothills are the Sidehill Gouger and the Woofus. These quadrupeds are characterized by a variation in leg length which enables them to graze upon slopes; the legs on the left side are much shorter than those on the right in the case of the Sidehill Gouger, while the reverse is true with the Woofus. Thus these peculiar creatures must walk around the hills in opposite directions.

It is evident that these animals would be quite helpless upon the plains, and Calgary sportsmen caused great consternation among the tribes by chasing the beasts to the level valleys and slaying them in large numbers. After forty-seven years of this procedure the hill-loving animals decided that the slaughter had gone far enough, and called a joint bel-lows (similar to the cawing of crows). All Gougiers and Woofus intent upon the prevention of ultimate extinction were present.

The situation was solved by one hoary old Woofus, and the next hunter who chased a Gouger out of a crag was amazed to see a Woofus run out of the woods and accompany his quarry to the valley. As soon as the beasts reached the flat they leaned against one another, their short legs swinging clear, and tore across the valley at an amazing speed.

Dr. Otto B. Hungh also welcomes this opportunity of expressing his appreciation of the services of Frank Notsso Hastie, the intrepid coal grinder. The work of this university research assistant has been invaluable, and his experience in preparing suitably ground food for the birds has assisted the above-mentioned studies in many ways.

Thus two interesting notes have been added to the narratives on animal life in Calgary. Dr. Hungh doubtless plagiarized his results from some European worker, and I have no hesitancy in relaying this information in a similar manner. I was warned not to publish any of these absurd findings under penalty of death. We leave our famous adventurer here for the present, and I can assure you there will be no more of this next week.

A flock of dots, please.

Thank you. The dots denote a change of thought.

Despite current opinion that the world is in a state of chaos, I discovered, during the past summer, that a few social and economic laws have not been abrogated. It is equally true that one must be present in order that one's hair may be cut. Herein lies a moral.

Kanteloupe Kidding

Have you ever watched tender little shoots of greenery grow and sprout canteloupes? If so, have you ever watched these same fully grown canteloupes in the process of being plowed into the ground? Probably not, but I have, and it was a disastrous sight. Here, quoth I, is an event which is contrary to many theories I have assimilated. These melons may be sold for considerable sums of cash in the distant north—in the valley they are worthless. Therefore let me resolve to crate large numbers of said melons and ship them to the old home town. In this manner I will earn the gratitude of numerous friends; make the railroad a paying proposition; and release the canteloupe growers from the disheartening business of interring their fruit.

So thought—so done. I accumulated luscious, full-slip canteloupes, marvelous casaba melons, and delicious muskmelons. With the able assistance of a perfectly gorgeous canteloupe packer (she was a blonde) the precious fruit was carefully stowed in a crate. This assemblage of delicacies from the home of the canteloupe was then passed along to the C.P.R. for safe carriage.

Here was the first catch—the agents of the C.P.R. apparently wanted to sell that section of the road, and accepted my box and the cost of handling as the first payment. I'm positive that the express charges on that harmless little box of sweetened water would have replaced the whole Kettle Valley railroad. Probably they suspected that it contained Chicago pineapples, and the transportation fee would cover the insurance premium on the train, passengers and scenery that would be eliminated if the box blew up.

The crate arrived quite safely—externally—but boy, oh boy, the contents? Baggage smashers may be rough on trunks, but the way the express monkeys handled my fruit was brutal. Tastily arrayed amidst the odd bit of straw were juicy chunks of canteloupe and casaba with the seeds indicating the direction of the last jolt. I strongly suspect that a certain grower planted a "cant" seeds and they grew up in few dynamite caps in mistake for the middle of my choice specimens, restraining their disintegrating tendencies until well on the way to my happy home.

After a few days' tedious work with several varieties of glue and the able help of patchwork experts, the bits of melon were assorted and re-assembled—then I went down town and suffered the tortures of the damned on seeing certain signs—Canteloupes 6 for 25c, Casaba melons 10c each.

As remarked earlier in this episode, one has to be present to get a hair cut. I was in the O.K. Valley and I was certainly well shorn. The laws governing railroads and fruit growers are still extant. I almost believe they are leagued together to keep budding independents like myself off the market. My only hope is that my lesson may serve as a warning to prospective victims—too many fish would put my swindlers on easy street, and that wouldn't be good for conditions. Now you tell one.

A VIKING SONG

The blue seas, the cold seas,
The tempest on the shore—
I look to these, I trust in these,
These—and the luck of war.

The chill wind, the fair wind,
Will bear me forth—
I venture out, a-seeking blind—
The wealth of Michelgarth.
The hot youth, the mad youth,
Is in my blood today,
It sends me out in careless sooth
Upon the great whale's way.

The home fire, the beacon fire,
Full many a day must burn
Till heart and hand for travel tire
And I return.

—O. R. W.

On Buttons

"Married men have better halves,
But bachelors have better quarters."

No doubt the gentleman (?) responsible for the above words was right. There is one point, however, upon which I should like to elucidate the readers who hold such unorthodox views.

I refer to buttons. Yes, buttons. Where would our civilization be without them? Literally, tied to apron strings. Yet, the upkeep of buttons is only made possible by the better halves. The latter class (bachelors) are usually deficient in this commodity.

And then, the buttons are round. I wonder who ever thought of making round buttons. It always reminds me of the days when pails would fall jam downwards. The same ill-principle is evidently connected with round buttons. You never can tell where one of them is going to land once it starts getting away on you.

Then again, there are two and four-holed buttons. Now, there are at least six ways of putting the thread. Have you ever seen a bachelor trying to figure out the most pleasing arrangement, finally giving up in despair?

One would think, at first glance, that this is a woman's problem. But outside of one or two large buttons (11 cms. in diameter) on their coats, they wear no others. It is the problem of a bachelor.

A problem for investigation on relative merits of square two-holed buttons vs. round buttons might well be taken up for research by House Ecceers. In this way they would not only make this life more tolerable for men, but would benefit themselves, for in the buttons they can find the secrets hidden even from the owners thereof.

—I. H.

Keep in Step

(Gateway Fashion Column)

And here's a line on the new winter lines. For the formal mode, period persuasion. For daytime wear, pleats and hidden flares, but everything must be on strictly tailored lines.

A sports dress developed in one of the smart knitted fabrics in Spanish tile, that newly introduced shade, would enhance any wardrobe.

That old favorite, coral, is regaining its popularity, and is particularly effective for evening worn with white satin.

Winter will soon be here, and everyone is worrying about their complexion. For protection against cold, wind and sun use a powder base and face powder. For an average skin use a vanishing cream; for an oily skin either a vanishing cream, a liquid powder, or a special preparation; for a dry skin use either a hand lotion or a powder base designed especially for dry skin.

Color in clothes is the bright topic of the day. Browns and reds and greens predominate for daytime wear. Brown with contrast is particularly smart.

INDOLENCE

What wish better than this
Could a mortal make?
—To lie in the sun and dream
And never awake;

While the years creep on
Till Eternity comes in sight,
A million million years in all
With never a night;

A million million years
And of days but one—
All time itself to sleep through
With a mellow sun.

—O. R. W.

F.S. and B.S.

(The Engineers' Column)

Plans are afoot now for the banquet. Oh, brother Engineer, and what does that mean to you? Those banquets of other years have been the kind of affairs that one looks back to with pleasure, and the stirring in the region of the heart which can be construed to mean anything these days.

Briefly, though, the banquet will be held on Friday, the 13th, just to tempt the jinx. In deference to the economic crisis which faces student and overtown man alike, it is possible that it will not be held in the Mac this year, but should any change from the old established rule be made, it will only be for the present, and need not affect the future.

Saturday's game with the Arts-Ag gang sure looked like a real fixture. A few games like that and the interfac players will be getting bids from the senior outfits. But it does one's heart good to see a close run like that, and it should make the next game worth watching.

After listening to Beach on the sands of time one went away with the comforting assurance that, if things went right, this old world could be terminated in a couple of hours. We didn't mind that, but it sure shocked our pre-established notions to hear of dinosaurs with rickets. However, it was a pleasure to learn of the heavens and the heavenly bodies from one who has made an intensive hobby of them.

To return to the banquet—which is done frequently. There comes to our mind the story of the Engineer who went overtown early last year, and who, to pass the time away before the eats came on, sallied over to the reading room of the Public Library. Chorus of gasps from the audience here, but it is true that Edmonton has a public library, and that it is close to the Mac.

We had never hoped to make this a really and truly highbrow literary column, but when we found the following little gem we just decided that it had to be. L. G. Scott and G. L. Wood, both of Sci '32, Manitoba, were the ones who did the trick.

Sheik Lochinvar

Oh! young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
'Mong the cans of old 'Toba his Ford was the best.
And to save his good pipe wrench, other tools he had none,
He rode on the rims for his tires were done.
At the back of the class room his thoughts roamed afar;
Was there e'er Engineer like young Lochinvar?
He stayed not for sign, for brakes he had none;
He raced with a cop till the cop's gas was done.
But e'er he pulled up at the old man's gate
The bride had consented, young Lock had come late.
For a Freshman in Arts, with a far better car
Was to wed the fair co-ed of Sheik Lochinvar.
So boldly he entered the parental hall,
'Mong Artsmen and Aggies and Medicals all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his gat,
With a tone in his voice that would knock a man flat:
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our wedding, young sheik Lochinvar?"
"I long necked your daughter, my case you denied,
Love froths up like beer, like its smell doth abide.
And now I come with this lost love of mine
To fling one hot hoof, guzzle one quart of wine;
There are maidens in Science more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride of sheik Lochinvar."
The bride kissed the flask, young Lock pulled the cork,
He tipped up the bottle and drank down the port.
She took out her compact and powdered her nose,
With a quaint little smile she pulled up her hose.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar;
"Now swing we a hoof," said young Lochinvar.
He held her hot hand, his lips touched her hair,
The dastardly Artsmen went up in the air.
Her mother turned white, and her father turned blue,
And the bridegroom swore to drill young Locky through;
And the brides-maidens whispered, "Oh, what a car,
To belong to a sheik like this young Lochinvar."
He swung her around, made a bolt for the door
He stepped on the starter, the motor did roar;
He threw in the clutch, they leaped through the gate
And tore down the road at a hell of a rate.
"You are mine, we're away with a bump, jolt and jar;
They'll have new Fords to follow," quoth young Lochinvar.
There was cranking 'mongst men of the Aggies and Arts
On the Druggists and Lawyers they got a head start.
There was racing and chasing on Route No. 3,
But the co-ed of Varsity ne'er did they see.

But the class it had ended, the honk of a car,
Broke the sweet reverie of the sheik Lochinvar.
Now that's what we call verse. And we wish to acknowledge that it came from the "Slide Rule," a neat little publication that 'Toba's Engineers sponsor.

The Art of Making Oneself Understood

We are always trying to understand other people, or to make ourselves understood by them. Other people are always trying to understand us or to make themselves understood by us. All conversation is directed towards this end; so is all writing, for pleasure or for pay; so is all reading—and so forth. Most of the things we do are done with this object, often consciously, perhaps more often unconsciously: we wear the conventional clothes, we hide ourselves under the conventional manners, we do the conventional things, all because we want to place ourselves in that position where we can best understand our fellow-beings and have them understand us. We don't want other people to think us queer, peculiar—in short, to misunderstand us, and so we follow the lines set by convention and do as thousands of other people do; in the customs of the mass we hide our own peculiarities and individual traits because we fear that they will hinder rather than help other people in their attempts to understand us as we really are. Poor Ghandi is probably misunderstood in more respects than one by thousands of people who cannot see beyond the fact that he refuses to wear the conventional clothes. This problem of making oneself understood can be a very subtle one, and more enters into it than one would think at first glance.

The Obvious

However, there is the type of person who does not choose to be subtle, to put his meaning across indirectly as it were. He attacks his problem straightforwardly with open eyes, and with the courage of youth—then puts up a huge black and white placard with such words as these, "Agents Strictly Prohibited! This Means You!" Candid at least, and probably effective. This man has a message for the world and intends to be heard at once, with no beating about the bush. It doesn't worry him in the least that he is not strictly accurate—he says, "This Means You!" but if you are not an agent, he is wrong, it does not mean you—how can it? Again, anyone with enough intelligence to be an agent would surely have enough intelligence to see that the sign referred to him without having to be told so. But such considerations as these worry our placard-writer not at all. He has delivered his message, he knows that he will be understood, and he can sleep with an easy mind.

The Less Obvious

On the other hand, one can go too far in the opposite direction and be too subtle. I remember once attending a concert given in a church on a Sunday evening. It was a most enjoyable program and we—the church was packed—decided to express our appreciation in the usual way. After the first item, when the echoes of the clapping had died down, the chairman rose to his feet and said something like this: "We are very glad to have such talented artists here and we all appreciate their efforts very much indeed. But considering that this building is a sacred place, and that—hmph—er—er—a little less—hmph—per-

Poet's Nightmare

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my heart could utter
A poem as lovely as a tree.

I have a rendezvous with death
By the shores of Gitchie Gumee,
Listen, my children, and you shall hear
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, Captain! my Captain!
Grow old along with me,
Laugh, and the world laughs with you
When I put out to sea.

—G. M.

haps it would be well—er—to give expression to our appreciation of this—er—er—more seemingly—thoroughly enjoy the program, but—er—hmph—considering the evening and the dignity of the building, let us try to—hum, hmph—er," etc.

Feeling rather bewildered, and seeing that most of the other members of the audience felt as I did, I turned to my companion to ask what he had meant, and received from that source an intelligible solution: "He wants us not to clap."

The next item on the program was soon completed, and the audience, feeling anxious to co-operate with the harassed-looking chairman, particularly since they had not been able to follow his speech, gave an unusually loud clap. Once more he rose: "Again, my dear friends, I must ask you, out of respect for the building—er—and—dignity of the building, even though we thoroughly enjoy the program—er—very glad indeed—er—of the opportunity to hear our young friends—er—ah—to be good enough to—er—co-operate with me—refrain from—er—hum—remember the circumstances, the fact that it is not usual in a church to—er—hmph—more respect—er—appreciation in such an audible manner—er—more than glad that you are enjoying the music—er—but if you would be good enough—" etc.

Still the audience failed to understand him, and most of them were inclined to give him an encouraging clap right there, for his noble attempt at a speech which they were sure was one of appreciation even though it had gone over their heads. They restrained themselves, however, until the end of the next item, when they gave a particularly hearty clap to let the chairman know they were with him in whatever he said.

Again he rose to his feet: "Must I ask you once more," he thundered, "not to clap in this building?" He neglected to add, "This means you!" but he meant it—we could see that.

Proud Father: "Don't you think it's about time the baby learned to say 'papa'?"
Mother: "No, I hadn't intended telling him who you are until he becomes a little stronger."

"What makes you think you will get married soon?"
"Her father bought a shotgun yesterday."

"How did your father know we went out in the car yesterday?"
"Quite simple! Remember that stout gentleman we ran into? That was father."

"Is Bill a popular boy?"
"Popular? I should say he is. Why, when he left town, thirty girls went back into circulation."

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Miscellanies And Miscellaneous

By F. P. Mac

I was keenly disappointed in the Little Theatre presentation of "Death Takes a Holiday." The Little Theatre has a good reputation, but the production last Saturday night was of a distinctly "amateurish" quality.

Some have found fault with the choice of play. I didn't. I liked the play and its fantastic theme. Of course, it was silly to advertise it as a comedy. Comedy it was in the original Italian of Alberto Casella, but in the English adaptation by Walter Ferris it was turned into its present more serious form.

However, it is not to this that I object. My objection is, to put it bluntly, the acting. The first act was terrible in that respect. The second and third acts were better (or else I had got used to it). But, with the bare exception, perhaps, of one or two, there was no actor in the whole play who was very much good. I was awfully disappointed. I mean if the Varsity Spring Plays can demonstrate such fine talent as they do, one would expect at least the equal in a Little Theatre. Especially when Mrs. Haynes directs them both.

To be fair, of course, one should attribute the faults to nervousness. The first play of the season, you know, and perhaps they hadn't rehearsed it as often as they felt they should have. That would account for the manner in which in Act I, they injected acting into lines that should have been spoken casually and naturally. And they fairly exploded all over the place in the emotional scenes; won't amateurs ever learn that restraint can be more convincing and effective than wild but usually shallow hysterics?

It would also account for the raising of the curtain too soon. I welcome them raising it at the exact hour indicated, but it is too much of a good thing to raise it ten minutes ahead of time.

Another thing: we can forgive an occasional lapse of memory on the part of a player, even the star, but it is distressingly annoying when the prompter can be heard distinctly all over the theatre.

Scenery and lighting effects were good. Direction mostly good. Except that, in Act I, right after Death's first exit, accompanied by a volley of bullets, would the guests immediately come running in all in a bunch like that, and in full evening dress? Wouldn't they rather, since they had all retired to bed, come in one at a time, in various stages of undress? That's just a thought that occurred to me.

I hope, and I feel sure, that "The Constant Wife" will prove a much better production. I am sure this is only a little slip. But it was a slip.

Oh, yes, I promised to tell you all about "Outward Bound." Well, it certainly was a wonderful picture, and quite the answer to the film fan's plea for something new. I hope those who missed it this time will soon have another opportunity to see it.

However, at present we are to be concerned with the comparison be-

tween the film version and the stage play. The photoplay is practically an exact transcription of the play by Sutton Vane. The differences lay, first, in the addition of a short prologue and epilogue dealing briefly with the two suicides and their recovery therefrom. I suppose it was to give the less imaginative of the audience a chance to put the whole proceedings down as a dream. Personally, I don't care to. I like to let my imagination loose. That's why I liked "Death Takes a Holiday." However, that's a matter of opinion.

The second difference lay in the omission of many lines and minor incidents of the play. And if I remember correctly, they were mostly the humorous and witty lines of the play, indulged in by certain of the characters, chiefly during Act I, before they knew their ship was no ordinary ship. And in Act III bits were omitted. The picture was made with reverence; in fact, in a foreword we were so warned lest we take it as flippancy; doubtless it was for that reason that the lighter lines of the play were left out (unless the censor pruned them out himself, but I doubt it—I wouldn't believe that of him). However, that may be, I missed them. Without them the picture seemed heavier and also less real. Though perhaps if I had neither read nor seen the play, I'd not have felt the loss. For the rest, all the poetry and imagination of the play is in the picture too.

In comparing the picture with our Dramatic Society's production last spring, one naturally expects to find a high-class and expensive photoplay production much superior to a college amateur production. So I am not going to pretend that it isn't. But as our production happened to be particularly good, it can stand the comparison; moreover, I can truthfully say more than one scene was presented more effectively in the Convocation Hall than on the screen. I shall never forget the scene during Act II, where they had sent the "padre" out to prove the truth of Pryor's words, that the ship was sailing crewless and lightless. Distant rumbling was heard, and finally out of the darkness the padre appeared. He entered the room slowly, his face tense with ominous calm that conveyed the terrible truth. It was one of the most thrilling moments of the play, that quiet entrance.

In the film we are shown him searching the ship, and the lighting stunt was rather effective, but his re-entry of the cabin was disappointingly commonplace. That, and several other instances, goes to show what a very important eye Mrs. Haynes has for dramatically effective staging.

The matter of acting surprised me. In only about three or four cases were the screen's actors any better than our own, the rest were no better, and not so good. What I said last week about Chris Jackson still goes. Chris was only pinch-hitting in the rôle, which makes him all the more remarkable (and at the same time excuses one or two lapses from his standard). Lyonel Watts in the picture played the part well, but I much prefer Chris. He brought a lump to my throat and tears to my eyes during the scene when he repeated the first prayer he had learned as a little boy. There is another moment that was more effective on the local stage.

The best performance in the picture was that of Beryl Mercer as Mrs. Midget. Margaret Kinney in the rôle on the stage was one of the outstanding players, but she is forgotten in the virtue of Beryl Mercer's handling of the rôle. Miss Mercer nearly always runs away with every picture she appears in, and this is no exception.

The other better performances were those of Alie B. Francis as the Steward and Helen Chandler and Doug Fairbanks Jr. as the "half-ways." These players are always outstanding in any picture they appear in, so it is no fault of our players.

Leslie Howard disappointed me as Tom Pryor. Mr. Howard played the rôle on the New York stage and entered pictures last year in the same rôle. He has made other pictures since, and demonstrated his great ability, but here he did little more than lean against doorways in unconvincing paroxysms of mental agony. He was good, but not as good as I expected. Larry Davis in the rôle last spring won admiration and respect by the ease and naturalness with which he played his part—until he came to his emotional scenes, which he overdid sadly. Well, it certainly must be a difficult rôle, for even Leslie Howard failed to convince.

Another apparently difficult rôle is that of Mr. Lingley, the self-made millionaire.

I was also disappointed in Alisen Skipworth as Miss Cliveden-Banks. I had thought that Dorothy Riley, clever as she was, overplayed the part. Therefore I looked forward to see the professional's handling of it. But Alisen Skipworth so underplayed it that I began to long for Miss Riley's far more interesting interpretation. (I hope she will accept my apologies.)

Dudley Digges in the photoplay and Tim Byrne on the stage played two different interpretations of the rôle of Thomson, the Examiner; thus, though both were excellent, there is really no comparison; it is only a matter of private taste which you like best. Personally, I think I preferred Tim Byrne.

Well, that's that. And don't forget, "Outward Bound" is a wonderful picture. Don't miss it again if

MORE ABOUT MAXWELL

(Continued from page 3)

the skeletal remains of what he took at first sight to be the Oxus domesticus (domestic cow), but which, when all the scattered parts had been laboriously assembled, proved to be the interesting relics of a beast of somewhat different ilk.

Ignorance Cows Major

The peculiarly disconcerting feature about this particular species of Oxus seems to have been the presence in its skeletal make-up of a so-called pelvic girdle apparently lacking (according to Major Maxwell) in the familiar barnyard variety of kine. This to a man of Major Maxwell's perspicacious and ingenious type of mind was nothing less than an infallible index to the creature's age. The Major has made it clear, however, that to a man of science, age is only a relative and approximate thing, and that as applied to his recent amazing discovery can be referred only to a broad period of time.

Nevertheless, it is certain that while even in our own time we have seen yokes, bells and even a few jokes on creatures of the Oxus kind, it appears that the girdle has long been out of date as an article of adornment among bovines, and that the last one known to history or pre-history was that bequeathed (in all probability by some amiable cow) to Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons. Major Maxwell while hesitating to commit himself on this point, inclines to the view that the pelvic type of girdle belongs to a much earlier period—probably the Cainozoic or Pliocene, or to be more definite, to the late Miocene or early Oligocene. Certainly, to the world of science, this regard for accuracy and unwillingness to make hasty commitments is entirely commendable, especially in a man who in his lighter moments is noted for the promiscuous pleasantry and even glib quality of his discourse. The Major, when devoted to work (which is somewhat rarely), has a tendency to be taciturn, which precludes all possibility of his making any premature statements. His reception on Monday of representatives of The Gateway was, to say the least, cool and reserved. His friends have been able, however, from the broken fragments of speech uttered by the Major in his sleep, to glean some idea of the enormous significance of the man's discovery and of the colossal strain of suppressed excitement under which he labours.

Make No Bones About It

It is conjectured that Major Maxwell is withholding a formal announcement of his discovery until he has had time to perform upon his mysterious specimen a series of laboratory experiments. These consist largely of a repetition of the famous soup test, by which the bones whose antiquity are to be determined are subjected fifty successive times to a fixed quantity of boiling water under a constant pressure, the strength of each soup being carefully tested at cooling and the resulting data carefully recorded. At the close of the test, the average strength of all soups is calculated to the one-millionth of a calorie, and the result checked up with an ingenious time-calorie chart devised by the fertile brain of Major Maxwell himself, and the investigator is enabled to ascertain within fifty thousand years of the correct date, the length of time since the owner of these tragic bones last closed his eyes on a strange and old-fashioned world.

It is rumored, too, that Major Maxwell and Dr. Flinte have undertaken to explore a vast field of archaeological research in Europe in an effort to discover any evidence which may exist of an ancestor common to the mysterious White Mud Ox and the Papal Bull of medieval times. The new species is as yet unnamed, but it is more than likely that science will eventually come to know it as Oxus whitemundensis or Flintox maxwellensis, either name being singularly appropriate.

Do Tell, Major

How long the wealth of information about this extinct species already

you get the chance.

I was rather afraid I'd be stepping on somebody's toes when I said I preferred the average American accent to the average British accent. And so it proved. But I stick to my story. Of course, if I am to argue at any length, I must drop wholesale statements and be more specific. For instance, by no means do I dislike all English accents, nor on the other hand do I like all American accents (and by American I shall have in mind the North American continent). On each side of the Atlantic there are many varieties of accents or dialects of English spoken; in the old country there are even more than there are on this continent. And, of course, in both cases they range, so to speak, from the sublime to the ridiculous. On this continent, from the soft, warm Southern drawl to the unbearable Seth Parker Yankee twang. In England, from the horrible Yorkshire and Devonshire dialects to the—but I don't know the names of them. Here are a few I consider very beautiful indeed, others I consider no better in quality than our own, and the rest in varying degrees of worseness. I hate the Oxford accent, so does your average Englishman for that matter. I also hate that accent so commonly heard, the one I referred to in "Young Woodley," where they say "geh-oo" for "go," "neh-oo" for "no," "keh-wel" for "coal," etc. I can't write it phonetically, but you know the one I mean. And that's what I had in mind when I said I preferred an American accent.

Another thing: if "E.W." thinks that the only difference between an American and an English accent is the former's harsh voice and nasal intonation, he or she (and I suspect it's a "she") is very much mistaken. There is a good deal more than that. I, too, once held the belief that all U.S. Americans spoke through their noses and said "haouse" for "house," etc. It was the talkie and the radio

MORE ABOUT MONUMENTS

(Continued from page 3)

tion and, on these occasions, not only heard the directions given, but also observed that they were taken. The result of this was that the show in rehearsal was far better than it was before the public. It is of absolutely primary importance that all the players in a production realize the essentiality of taking direction and thereby reproducing the director's conception of the play. An actor is nothing more nor less than a cog in a machine; the director is the engineer. His function originates in triplicate. He sees each part singly; he sees each part in relation to the other parts; he sees each part in relation to the whole production. The actor is only concerned with the first or, at the most, the first and second of these functions. No matter to what degree any player may disagree with the direction given, he must take it, for the director alone is in the position to formulate a conception of the production as a whole.

Our second criticism is directed at the play production committee, or whatever body is responsible for the casting of the plays. Surely it is a huge mistake to put inexperienced actors straight into lead parts. We readily admit that the construction of professional casts is generally on the lines of the same old band of supporting members and a new star or constellation of stars, but we would point out that these stars are always experienced hands at the game. It is manifestly over-optimistic to expect an absolutely new actor to jump straight into a lead and carry it with entirely unmitigated success, however hard he may try. The aged process of starting at the bottom and working up is as applicable to the actors and actresses of the Little Theatre as it is to business firms or, possibly, even more so.

gathered by Major Maxwell is to be withheld from the public is uncertain. At a recent meeting of the Women's Welfare League (which had resolved itself for the evening into a Debating Forum), the great man of science declined to broach the subject as being somewhat irrelevant. He was plainly seen, however, to be tormented by a suppressed eagerness of such volcanic proportions as only his powerful will could hold in leash. That the Major's investigations will bear abundant fruits seems certain, when one considers the number and variety of accurate observations made by him in recent weeks of the hitherto little known inhabitants of Mars and Pombina.

SENIOR VOTE RECORDED MON.

Bill Roxborough and Frances Fisher to Guide Destiny of Class

Much interest has been focussed on the senior elections. On Monday, Nov. 2, the actual voting was carried on in the basement of the Arts. Approximately one hundred and thirty ballots were cast. The reckoning in the evening showed Mr. Roxborough with a nice lead, as the successful presidential candidate. Miss F. Fisher obtained a slight margin, and thus becomes the class vice-president. Yet another victory for Eddie McCourt! He is to handle the pen and finances for the seniors. The positions on the executive were closely contested, one cause no doubt being the greater number of choices. However, the Misses I. Kippen and D. Riley will represent the ladies, and Mr. K. Alexander and H. W. Fish the men. With such a capable lineup, Class '32 should be able to make its presence felt around the halls of learning.

Much credit is due to Mr. Williams for the able manner in which the election was carried out.

that taught me that; while many do, as many more speak not much more differently than we do in Canada. And so, although we are frequently very careless and sloppy in our speech, we don't need to be, and when we do avoid that fault it is still distinctly an American accent and not English. Is the speech of, say, for example, Dr. Alexander, nasal and strident? Certainly not; does he then speak with an English accent? Certainly not; it is characteristic of the American accent, such as we speak and hear around us every day. I mean pronouncing our r's, and flattening our a's, and several other more subtle differences. That is to say, saying "after" instead of "aftuh," "hard" instead of "hodd," "here" instead of "hee-uh," etc. One certainly doesn't have to speak with a "harsh and strident voice and intonation through the nose" to speak like that. And which is the more pleasing to the ear? Well, that's a matter of personal taste to which each person is entitled.

What you are used to, too, has a good deal to do with it. Via the talkies, I have become used to even the "haouse" type of U.S. American accent, and now I don't mind them so much. I am not used to the "geh-oo" type of English accent; therefore I still dislike it. Of the two evils, I prefer the one I have become accustomed to.

I am always irritated by the dogmatic legend that the English accent is the superior, the mark of culture, while the American accent is crude, inferior and provincial. I also dislike actors who affect an English accent on the stage, whether or not the part calls for it. Don't get me wrong; of course I'm not against British accents on general principles. I am quite pro-English, but I'm not blindly and exclusively so. I believe in freedom of speech—even in a University paper.

Hey, hey, Mr. Proofreader! That should have been "Bing Crosby" last week, not "Losky." What's wrong with you? (Editor: Well, why don't you write more plainly?) Aw, shuddup!

CORRESPONDENCE

A SUGGESTION

Nov. 4th, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I am a very timorous lad myself, and hate hurting the feelings of anyone. However, in view of the fact that so many of your readers are offering criticisms, criticisms to criticisms, and protest after protest, I, too, feel prompted to air my dissatisfied soul.

I really think your paper is a wow! Your editorials are splendid, your news is accurate and interesting, your features are humorous and clever, but—if you have tears prepare a receptacle for them now—your paper is deficient in one important respect. It lacks a Dorothy Dix department.

Now, Mr. Editor, I feel that such a department is essential to every successful newspaper. We college students may know the doctrine of the mean and the most complex mathematical laws. We may know that in a Doric hexastyle peripteral temple the colonnades standing on a stylobate support the entablature. We may be able to appreciate Kelly and Sheets—pardon!—Shelley and Keats. Yet we often find ourselves hopelessly bewildered when it comes to problems of the heart.

Take the case of "A," for instance, who literally absorbed, adsorbed and guzzled (no, I don't mean gargled) quarts of listerine. It can't possibly be halitosis, "B.O." or dandruff that prevents his evenings from being successes. Yet the opposite sex persist in evading him in a very subtle way. Now, if you had an expert like Dorothy Dix, A would probably have this difficulty cleared up for him and the way made clear for conquests of the evasive damsels (spell it with a hyphen and two "I's" if you like).

Then take the case of poor Jack. A girl invited him to the Wauneta dance. He discovered that she couldn't dance unless she had someone else's feet as a cushion beneath her own diminutive toes. Now he wants to know if he is bound by any unwritten college code to take this girl to the Soph Reception.

I hope, dear Editor, that these two serious problems of readers of your paper will influence you installing a Heart and Home column.

Very truly yours, BALMY BOB.

(We regret that this letter was received too late for a place in our regular correspondence column.—Editor.)

SENIOR HEAD



BILL ROXBURGH

Class '32 president

SENIOR CANDIDATES CAMPAIGN FRIDAY

Position of President Contested by Hugh Millar and Bill Roxborough

Last Friday, October 30th, the seniors gathered in Arts 142 to hear the election speeches of those nominated for the various offices. With due formality, befitting seniors, the meeting got under way when the chairman, Mr. Dwight Williams, called the group to order, and introduced the speakers.

Hugh Millar thanked those who had nominated him, and expressed his intention of serving his class well should he be elected. Bill Roxborough, also seeking election as president, pointed out that it was with some misgivings that he "ran" against an athlete. The Misses Fisher and Fry, candidates for the vice-presidency, spoke briefly. Unfortunately, Mr. McCourt was not able to be present. His opponent, Mr. Hollingsworth, struck a slightly new note in the campaign speeches—his ideal is to be worthy of Class '32. The Misses Kippen, MacKenzie, and Reid, running for the executive, presented themselves in a neat manner. Then the versatility of our senior men made itself noticed. As a quaint quartette, Messrs. Alexander, Field, Fish and Robinson promised their unflinching efforts for the coming year.

In conclusion, Mr. Williams pointed out that every member of the class should report for voting. We agree with him—there is nothing more discouraging for an executive than lagging interest. However, Class '32 appear very satisfied; they assure us that they think themselves the best class in the University. No lack of class spirit, is there?

'S funny how times change. B.O. no longer denotes a tramp.

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